Collegiate Salmon Loyally Find Way To Alma Mater

SEATTLE (AP)—While it is still not clear that most human beings benefit by a college education, it's a fact that most salmon do.

A salmon who is a college man is more likely to succeed than a non-college salmon. He is smarter, healthier, matures faster, travels widely but finds his way home more often and has a better chance of marrying and having children.

Here at the University of Washington, scientists breed a superior type of salmon. They are released from the university ponds as babies. They travel out to sea, some as far as central Alaska, turn around, and after as much as a 4-000-mile trip that takes as long as four years, they return home — through a one-foot door.

MORE RETURNING

Most don't return. But the point is that 30 times as many college-bred salmon return home to spawn as do non-college salmon.

This is important to a state such as Washington, where fishing ranks as the third most important industry. The more salmon that spawn, the more there are to catch. But with the way mankind has changed the salmon's environment, the salmon needs help.

The University of Washington has set up an artificial spawning ground where the salmon is sure of a good diet. This spawning area is close to the ocean. Thus the salmon faces fewer obstacles on his return.

LOT OF TRAVEL

He still does a lot of travelling. Returning from the Pacific, he swims through Puget Sound, through the government locks of a canal, through Lake Union, where he finally turns left to the university.

Here he jumps up a fish ladder with running water. The ladder has eight steps. Each is one foot high and each has a one-foot wide opening. Thus, in a series of eight leaps the salmon jumps a total of eight feet getting up to the university tanks. Here, with the help of fisheries experts, the best of the returnees are cross-bred to produce a sturdier, healthier salmon. Then their babies are sent off on another cycle.

'DONALDSON FOLLY'

When the program began, Dr. Lauren R. Donaldson, had many critics. Some called the whole thing "Donaldson folly." Thus, back in 1951, it was a tense moment when he waited for his first salmon to return through that one-foot opening.

"We waited and waited," he said. Finally, they started coming in. They were just little runts but they had our brand on them and I could have kissed each one of them."

You can't blame him. They were his first graduating class.

PRIME MINISTER HAROLD MACMILLAN
. . . the Edwardian . . . the Character

★ ★ ★

In Hurry to Get Things Done

Glamourized Macmillan New Salesman of Peace

By JOSEPH W. GRIGG

LONDON (UPI) — Prime Minister Harold Macmillan has slipped unobtrusively but firmly into what millions of Britons believe today to be the role of leading cold war spokesman and leader of the free Western nations.

Accustomed for nearly 20 years to playing follow-the-leader behind the United States, but never too happy about it, Britain is hailing Macmillan as the man who has eased the U.S. quietly out of its leadership of the Western alliance.

When U.S. Secretary of State John Foster Dulles fell ill some rambunctiously nationalistic British newspapers hastened to invest Macmillan with his mantle as the West's travelling salesman of peace.

Macmillan's rapid-fire jaunts to Moscow, Paris, Bonn and now Ottawa and Washington within a month enhanced his reputation in Britain as a man in a hurry to get things done.

★ ★ ★

But it took the austere, respected London Times to hand out the crowning accolade.

In an editorial it said "With the American head of state a declining force, the German chancellor an old, unhappy man, and the French president fully preoccupied with other problems, the responsibility falling on the British prime minister to lead the alliance sensibly and yet strongly in the weeks ahead is paramount."

Macmillan's sudden emergence as a peace globetrotter boosted him sky high in the popularity stakes at home. London newspapers claimed that in straw poll votes 82 per cent of Britons were all for his Moscow mission.

★ ★ ★

His return from Moscow brought the House of Commons to its feet in a burst of cheering. Macmillan's slubsequent trips to Paris and the West German capital of Bonn were less spectacular but equally applauded.

From the outset Macmillan has contemptuously rejected taunts that his Moscow peace mission and the subsequent trips to Paris, Bonn, Ottawa and Washington were simply a vote-catching gimmick with an eye to British general elections, which must be held by May 1960 at the latest.

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Macmillan has been undergoing an intensive political face-lifting job in the past six months and his recent globe-trotting certainly has not hurt him any. In fact, his deadpan appearances in a white fur hat, an astrakhan headgear and a cockney cloth cap have done a lot to mark him down as a character like Churchill.

Under intensive coaching from his public relations advisors, Macmillan has junked most of the Edwardian manner and appearance he once affected. The glamour experts persuaded him to trim his straggly, unkempt mustache and wear his hair shorter before appearing on the television screens. Recently he has submitted to a professional politician's share of baby kissing and tickling pigs with a straw.

It would surprise no one in Britain if Macmillan, the world traveller, showed up during his U.S. visit in a Texas 10-gallon hat or an Indian chief's feathers.

For the present day "glamourized" Macmillan that would be entirely in character.

Worth Saying — By Harry Golden

Cracks in Solid South

Within a few months the daily press and news magazines will begin to announce the winners of primaries in the several states of the South, and the reporters will use the parenthesis without which a Southern political story would be incomplete: ("The Democratic nomination in South Carolina, etc., is TANTAMOUNT to election").

I have often toyed with the idea that we might even now have had a two-party system in the South but for that ugly word—TANTAMOUNT, which really sounds like the name of a cemetery, "Last stop, all off for Tantamount."

And yet a great change is coming and probably sooner than we think. It may sound silly to be discussing the possible emergence of the two-party system in the South in wake of the great Democratic landslide of last November, but the signs are unmistakable, if you probe below the surface.

The Tenth District of North Carolina provides us with a clue. Last November the district re-elected, for a fourth term, its Republican Congressman, Mr. Charles R. Jonas, and interestingly enough none of his other victories was a "coat-tails" job. (In 1956, Mr. Jonas actually ran ahead of President Eisenhower.)

Despite the long pattern of Democratic voting over the years, this Tenth District of North Carolina is changing into what amounts to a model of the authentic Republicanism that has come to the South to Florida in the St. Petersburg area, and in the western counties of Virginia, and for much the same reasons. A Democrat could win in these districts but not with a really Democratic Party doctrine.

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The coming coalition of the Negro and the white managerial class will be a switch from the Republicanism of the 1890's which was based on a coalition of the Negro and the white farmer and sharecropper. And the Negro will not vote Republican because of any debt of gratitude he owes to the managers and executives, but rather that the Democratic party of the South will be too closely identified with his previous status as a second-class citizen.

It is nonsense to believe that the Negro will not vote in large numbers, or that he would not be voting now, if there did not exist these legal and psychological restrictions. The Negro, of course, is less interested in voting than in becoming a voting man, but the actual casting of the ballot is part of his folklore.

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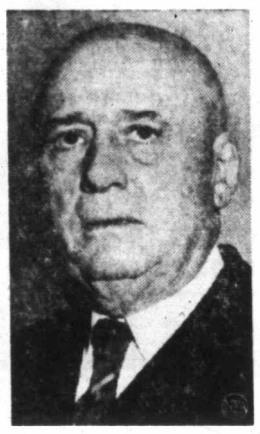

SAM RAYBURN
. . . two-week worry

★ ★ ★

Yet despite the fact that the Negro is winning and that he will vote by the millions in 1964, the Democratic party of the South has not gone out of its way to recognize the change. (When Speaker Sam Reyburn came to speak a short time ago, the Democratic leaders spent two weeks worrying about the necessity of inviting three Negro political leaders —"and suppose they decide to bring their wives, what then?")

But all of this is habit rather than unkindness. In the North the political machines thrived on patronage and "social" services to their constituencies (the turkey for Thanksgiving, the ton of coal, and a job for the poor boy, etc.). In the South, the dominant Democratic party has relied wholly on racial solidarity which eliminated the necessity of building up the local organizations. Thus, the "one-party" system has no real reservoir of precinct strength, and once the advantage or the need for "racial solidarity" is eliminated, millions of Southerners, white and Negro, will re-evaluate their political alignment without this half-century-old burden of emotion and fear.

The Blue Water

Future Design Looks to Past

By JOHN FREDERIC GIBSON

It seems possible that sailing boats are, like jet fighters, reaching perfection at about the same time as they become obsolete. The naval architects and the laws of aerodynamics have made possible a combination of beauty and efficiency represented by the older 8 metre yachts and the new 5.5s.

An 8 metre lies off the Royal Victoria Yacht Club. Later in the year the 6 metres, Dragons and Stars will appear. All these boats are for racing with experienced crews. No one wants to try cruising in an 8 metre with the family aboard and a $900 Dacron mainsail aloft.

Captain McKay's 25-foot sloop, Luciana, lying at Brentwood, is more of a compromise. This little boat has sailed to Vancouver and down to the Oregon coast; she is no racer, but draws 4 feet, and conforms, below water, to the racing pattern.

Last Sunday I was on board Frank Heaton's 30-foot ketch, Amethyst, at Van Isle Marina. She is closer to the traditional, long-keeled and carrying internal ballast. Her rigging is simplified by the gaff rig. She is pleasantly solid and old-fashioned. Her owner was painting "Victoria, B.C." on a lifebuoy, "Just in case we decide to take off for Pago Pago, he said.

BACKWARD TURN

The revolution in sailing boats is taking a backward turn. Two barquentines are being built in Hong Kong for American owners. Some have turned to the age-old fishing boat designs, the junks from China or the catamarans from the Amazon and central Pacific. Unfortunately this Pacific seaboard has no traditional sailing craft (so far as I know) except the canoe which would not be very suitable for family cruising.

However, there is obviously a lot of sense in taking advice from our grandfathers who had to use sail as a means of transport and were not unmindful of safety and comfort.

LOOK BACK

So maybe the future sailing man will look back to the dhows and feluccas and caiques of the Mediterranean. The former, with their tall, lateen sails, traded all over the Indian Ocean. But I suspect that the Greek caique might one day appear in B.C. waters. This craft has a gaff mainsail and either a lateen or a gaff mizzen.

They are built to sail anywhere between the hot, green Levantine coast, Port Said or the stormy winter passages of the northern Aegean. They are tough and heavy and could be powered with an engine which would enable them to pass through most channels without waiting for the tide. There is plenty of room below for cabin accomodation.

SHORT SUPPLY

The disadvantage in trying to find a caique or build one is that they are in very short supply at the moment. Many, between 20 and 300 tons were sunk during the last war. The tiller is usually seven feet long and this necessitates quite a long walk when going hard to port.

The Car Corner

Call of Oceane To Semi-Sports

By J. T. JONES

A class of car growing steadily in popularity is what I would call the semi-sports type — fast, handy, generally two-seaters — whose most popular representative by far is the Karmann-Ghia coupe.

A new offering in this class is now available from Simca dealers — the Oceane coupe — and it's a beauty. Everything the Simca sedans lack in glamor the Oceane makes up for twice over, and it has its sister cars' virtues of solidity, lively performance, fine construction and delightful handling.

TWO VERSIONS

Actually there are two versions of this model. The Oceane is a convertible and the Plein Ciel a hardtop. Their looks are French-accented but with overtones of Consul in front, Alfa-Romeo from the side and '56 Plymouth behind. The over-all effect is a lot better than that sounds.

What they really have in abundance is luxury finish. The seats are magnificent black leather, soft as a glove. Quality of the rest matches in every detail, from the heavy latches of the convertible top to the ridged steering wheel.

TOO BRIEF

My acquaintance with the Oceane was far too brief. Had it been a little longer, for one thing, I would have pumped a good deal more air into the tires. They were right for a pleasant, comfortable ride, but nothing like hard enough for the best the car can offer in handling.

All the same, it proved itself nimble on the corners, with adequately quick steering and recovery. Its 57 horsepower is plenty for town and country, but there isn't enough push to help much with the cornering.

DISTORTION

Vision is excellent, with two reservations: there's a bit of distortion in the corners of the wraparound windshield, and the rear window is slightly too low for a tall driver to get a clear look at the road more than 100 feet or so behind via the mirror. The windshield corner also juts a fair distance into the doorway.

On the plus side, the low, sloping hood lets the driver see the road close to the front of the car.

LOOKS STEEP

As for price, the Oceane can't be called an economy model. If you buy cars by the pound or the foot, or horsepower, it looks pretty steep. If you buy by quality and beauty and driving pleasure, the price looks a lot lower.

As long as there are people who do buy this way, a good many Oceanes will be sold.

City Man's Death Not Foul Play

City detectives are seeking next of kin of a man pronounced dead on arrival at Royal Jubilee Hospital yesterday after being found on the sidewalk in front of the Drake Hotel, Johnson Street, at 12.15 a.m., without apparent injuries.

Dead is Alex Pivarnvik, about 52, resident of the Station Hotel. An autopsy likely will be held, although foul play is not suspected.

THE VOICE OF ONE

By REV. DR. FRANK S. MORLEY

A defensive Chistianity is a dying Christianity. Either Christianity must aim at evangelizing the world or submit to being overcome by the world. Either fight the jungle or be overcome by the jungle. Christianity cannot survive as a hermit faith.

As the dynamic Joseph Hromadka of Czechoslovakia declares, Christianity must be "a battle cry, a bold confession, an expeditionary force under the banner of the sovereign Lord and Saviour, a chivalrous crusade against error, confusion, and sinister powers of chaos."

Communism is militantly missionary. If Christians have declined in missionary zeal, the Communists haven't. Nor have the Moslems, who now challenge the complacent Christian church for Africa. The Buddists also are on the march. No soft, apologetic, easy-going, hands-folded Christianity will stand up under the awesome forces of world revolution.

Christians have no alternative except to obey their Lord's command, "go ye into all the world and preach the Gospel." This is the mandate of the Christian mission. "Woe is me if I preach not the Gospel," said Paul.

Saved from Terrible '3 D's'

The message of the Christian mission is, "Blessed be the Lord God of Israel, for He hath visited and redeemed His people." The motive of the Christian mission is, "Beloved if God so loved us, we ought also to love one another."

Can anyone who has experienced the life-giving, liberating power of Jesus Christ, a power to save men from the terrible "3 D's" — "disintegration, disease and death"—keep from telling it?

A Christianity that is not missionary loses its character. Gibbon, no Christian enthusiast himself, described the extraordinary influence of the Apostolic Church, "It became the sacred duty of a new convert to diffuse among his friends and relatives the inestimable blessings which he had received." Contrast this with the casualness and tepidity of many of our churches!

Christians are called, not to send missionaries, but to be missionaries. Too many missionary societies never do any real missionary work. They collect money for missions, but have no personal involvement. They do not truly share.

Such people are downright hypocrites. True believers not only give their money; they give themselves. "The gift without the giver is bare."

Auditors and Spectators

Congregations are ruined by being turned into observers. Ministers have even taken over the job of saying "amen" to their own prayers! The people have become auditors and spectators, Jesus didn't say, "Come to church and listen to a sermon and choir." He said, "Take up your cross and follow me. Feed my sheep."

Considering the miserly investment, Christian missions have had spectacular success. Britain was one of the earliest successes. In our own time Christian missions have redeemed wasteland, built roads, erected hospitals, founded institutions for lepers, blind and crippled, built factories and brought education of all kinds — scientific, academic and medical.

Charles Malik, himself a product of the Presbyterian Mission School in Tripoli, Lebanon, eloquently testifies to the social value of Christian missions.

But he warns, "Christian secular activity, good and commendable as it is in itself, is altogether inadequate. I pray that the missionary movement will never allow itself to be deflected into purely humanitarian and secular channels; . . . Its task is . . . to mediate Jesus Christ Himself, my Lord and the Lord of history."

Off the Record

Stereo Replacing Old Etchings Bit

By JIM TAYLOR

Records are fast replacing etchings as the secret weapon of the live-modern bachelor.

Once upon a time the first step in a well-planned courtship would have been the tried and true etchings bit. Now it's more like "You wanna come up and hear my stereo, Alice?"

There's no doubt about it, today's bachelor enjoys a distinct advantage over Grandpaw, who had to depend on his trusty uke for his courtship concert. Modern recording science is such that now a guy can play his mood music in the strategic setting of his own apartment, and in stereo, yet.

OPEN FIRE

What started this line of thought was the arrival of the new Johnny Mathis LP, "Open Fire, Two Guitars." If ever there was a record that could be termed a long-play etching, this is it. The material is so seductive, it's downright inflammable.

It's been said here before that Mathis is the finest pop singer in the world. This one proves it, and is a must item for the collection of any bachelor worthy of the name.

While guitarists Al Caiola and Tony Mottola strum softly in the background, Mathis uses his incomparable way with a ballad to do such things as "Tenderly," "My Funny Valentine," "When I Fall In Love," and "I'm Just a Boy in Love."

As the title would indicate, the LP is designed to fit right in with those other essentials of courtship, low lights and a fireplace. It also helps no end to have a girl present.

It's a great time for etchings music. What with Mathis, Frank Sinatra and Vic Damone around to do the singing, and some fine orchestras handling instrumentals, there's been no shortage of material.

CHIEF EXPONENTS

A study of the situation, strictly in the interest of science, brings forth Mathis, Jackie Gleason, Chet Atkins and Milt Buckner as chief exponents of the art.

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